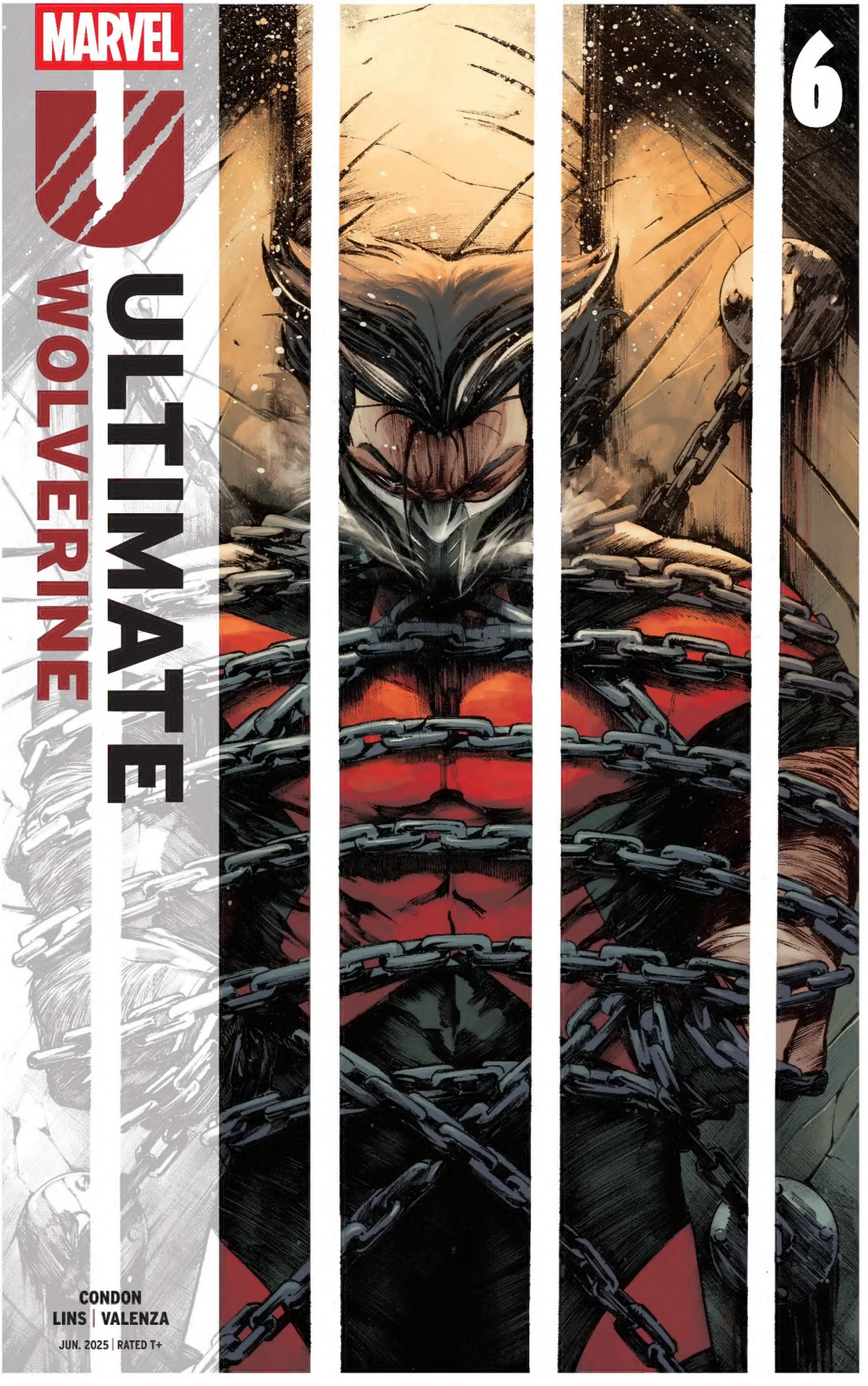
MARVEL
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JUN. 2025 | RATED T+

"I wear the chains I forged in life.
"I made it link by link, and *yard by yard*-- I girded it of my own free will, and of my own free will I wore it.

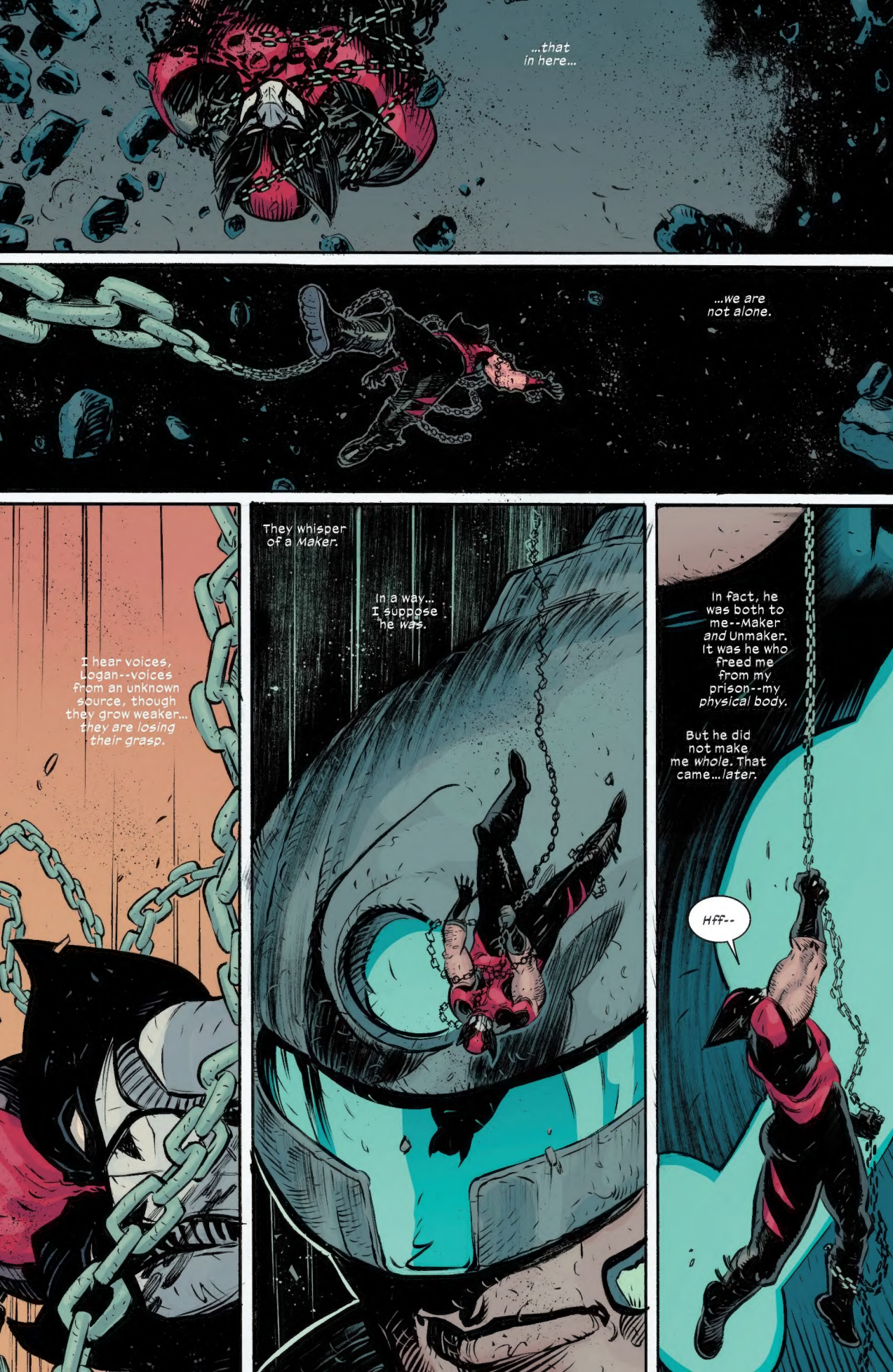
"Is its pattern... strange to you?"
That's Dickens, friend. Charles Dickens. It's been in my mind these last few moments...
...as have you...
...Logan...
KA-KLANG

Your shackles are loose, but you are far from free...
You still bear the chains of oppression...
I know them well...
...I wore them all my life. They rattled inside of my *skull*.
You have these chains too, Logan.
They confuse you...
...haunt you...
...*control* you...

I know this too.
We were many, we were *Legion*, but now we are *One*.
I am *free*. *Unburdened*.
As you will be...
...Logan...

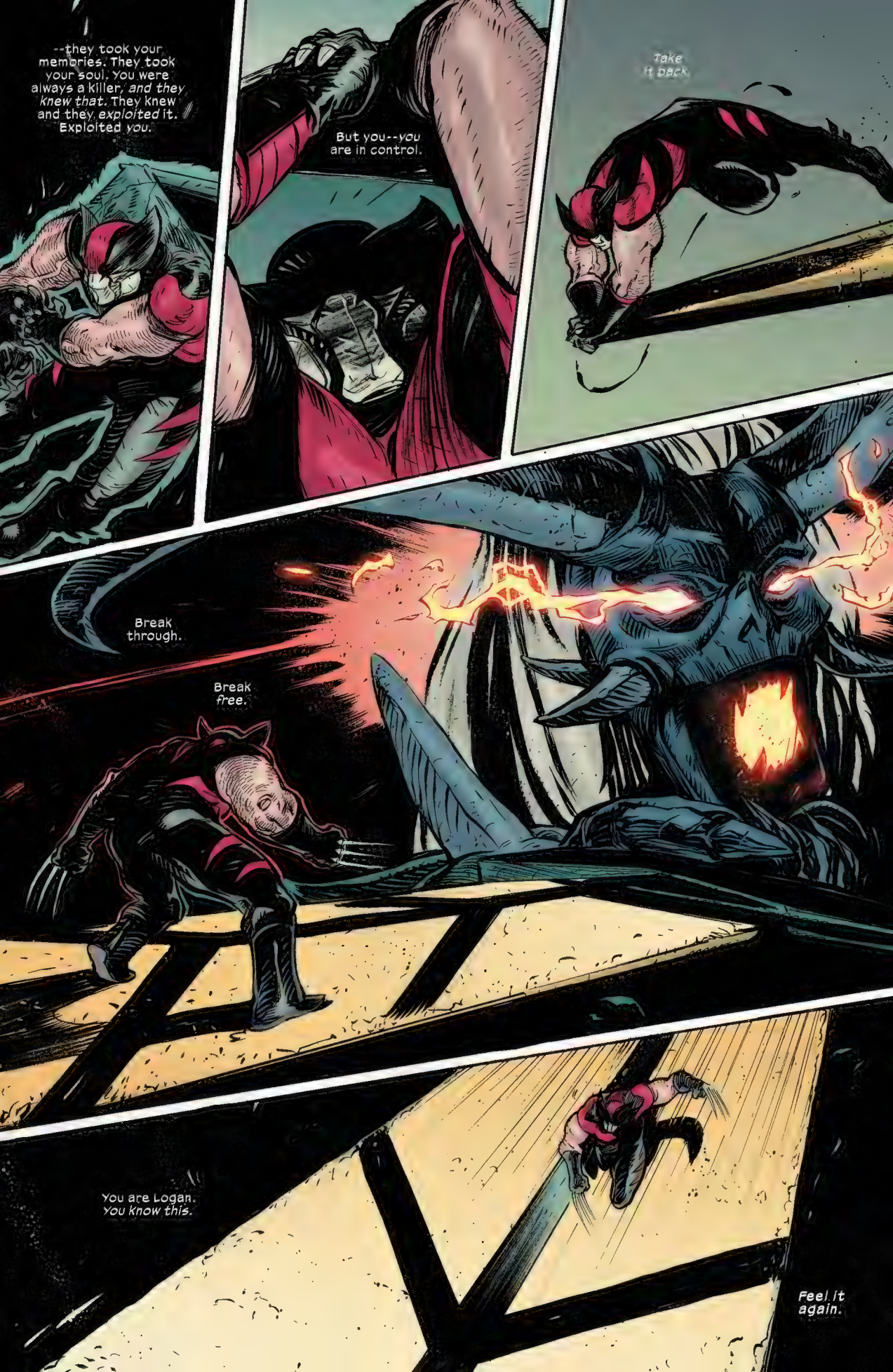
Why don't you remember that name?
You are not a Winter Soldier... yet you answer its call.
You are not a specimen or a weapon...yet you allow yourself to be treated and wielded as one.
You, my friend, are a prisoner...
CHAK
CHAK
...because you allow yourself to be.
CHAK-A-
CHAK-A-CHAK
Nn--

You need to fight, Logan.
Not for anyone but yourself.
You need to see yourself as I see you...
...lost, not forgotten...
And know what I know...


...that in here...
...we are not alone.
I hear voices, Logan--voices from an unknown source, though they grow weaker... they are losing their grasp.
They whisper of a Maker.
In a way... I suppose he was.
In fact, he was both to me--Maker and Unmaker. It was he who freed me from my prison--my physical body.
But he did not make me whole. That came...later.
Hff--

Your forgotten friends...they found me, brought me back from the ethereal plane.
And now, in turn, I am helping you in the same way.
Ah...the others, the whispers say. They were truly your makers...and more than that...they were your masters.
And you, their tool.
As a tool, they used you.

And they certainly will never let you go...
...and that is why you must fight, Logan. Use their own tool against them. Break free from your chains and...
...fight!
They wounded you, tortured you, stole your very life from you.
But you were not fortunate enough to be greeted with the sweet, soft caress of Death's kiss--
KKKH!


--they took your memories. They took your soul. You were always a killer, *and they knew that.* They knew and they *exploited* it. Exploited *you.*
But you--*you* are in control.
*Take it back.*
Break through.
Break *free.*
You are Logan. *You know this.*
*Feel it again.*

Feel it in your bones.
But you are not theirs...

And that is why you *fight*.
They are powerful judges.
Formidable foes, it's true.
SWISHHHHHH

SLSSSSSSHHHH
use it
KRRRRRRASH
Master them as they mastered you.
Take the chains they wrapped you with--that they held you *captive* with--and use them.

But there is one st...
...one one with a soul or more.
The one who is neither master nor mastered...
KRK-KRK-KRK
KRK-KRK-KRK
KRK-KRK-KRK
KRK-KRK-KRK
KRK-KRK-KRK

SNIKT
SNIKT
The one who knows your every move...
...your every secret...
This one looks like you...
...acts like you, smells like you...
...even *thinks* like you...

But Logan... you must see...
SKAK
...you must know...
SKAK
...this one is not you.
It will never be you. Do you hear me, Logan? You must fight!
Do you hear me...?
SKAK
SKAK
SKAK
SKAK
SKAK
SKAK
LOGAN!
LOOOOOGGAAAAAAN!

Logan!

NAAAAHH--!

=Hf-
hf-hf-
hft

Welcome back, Logan...

...back to the *Opposition*.
This's a lot to take in, we know, but...
...do you remember, Logan? We need to know that you--
*Do you remember who you are?*

I... I'm the best there is...
SAIKTI
...at what I do.
TO BE CONTINUED...

# NOTES ON THE DISCOVERY OF **D. HALLER** BY HANK McCOY

His name was David Haller, by all accounts. His mother: Gabrielle Haller. Father: unknown. He was struck down in his childhood, along with his mother, killed in a landslide that took the lives of over three hundred individuals. He was dead. Until he wasn't.

The Opposition had hacked into the Eurasian Republic's defense systems. We would hack into their systems quite frequently, but they typically would locate and plug the proverbial hole as soon as it was discovered. Still, we would glean information from these breaks, however brief they were, and we would develop new tactics based around the latest intelligence we had discovered.

As I started to parse the files we had pilfered from the E.R., I discovered a secret code laid into it. It was as if this code was riding on the E.R. defense code, a hanger-on. I thought initially that it was spyware or some other form of malware. My initial instinct was to eliminate this rider code and move on to greener pastures. However, on a whim, I decided to dig into that code and see what it contained. To paraphrase the great poet Walt Whitman, I would discover it contained **multitudes**.

It seemed that a living consciousness had reduced itself to code and had been riding an infinite loop within the E.R.'s computer systems. I extracted that rider code, and ever-so-gently, I opened it on a local, contained server.

This was how I met David Haller.

I began conversations with this entity, this "David Haller," and soon discovered that David was many things. He was, indeed, David Haller, but he seemed to suffer from a personality disorder. In fact, the code was quite fractured, reflecting this. David was split between himself and several other characters, all who seemed to have a life of their own. He thus referred to himself as Legion, as in the biblical understanding: We are many, we are **legion**.

He was powerful, that much I could tell from the outset. That must have been how he was able to survive the killing of his physical body.

I proposed that there was a way to streamline David's code and remove those fractures. My proposal was that we use A.I. tools lifted from the E.R. to plug those holes and then inject David into our own mainframe and allow him free rein. It was a risk, I knew, but I decided it was a worthy risk. David held no love for the Eurasian Republic, and I thought that he might be a terrific tool for us to use—as well as giving David a life beyond the solitary confinement he currently lived in.

It worked. David's personality crisis vanished, and he began referring to himself not as Legion, but as "One." To quote David's explanation: "We were many, now we are One." His existence inside of our computer systems has been a strange thing to behold, but we have discovered that he has been immensely helpful. We have found that, when we encounter individuals suffering from PTSD or worse, we can plug them directly into the One and he will sift through their brain, deleting the so-called 'bad code' that afflicts them. They emerge as themselves, freed from the turmoil that previously held them captive. I was reticent to trust his judgment, let alone his help, but he has won me over completely. That is but the tip of the iceberg, though. He can hide us from satellite tracking, remove individuals from capture lists, and more. All for the low, low price of letting him stay on our digital couch with free room and board.

I believe that without the assistance of David Haller, the Opposition would've died long ago. Mikhail has raised some questions, but I feel strongly that David is to be trusted. Why wouldn't he be?

**FIRST CONTACT.**

The following is the first interaction between Hank McCoy, username: BEAST, and the One, called David or, alternately, by the username: LEGION.

[BEGIN COMM]

**BEAST:** Who am I speaking with? <enter>

**LEGION:** I am many. I am Legion. <enter>

**BEAST:** Do you have a name? <enter>

**LEGION:** I am Legion. <enter>

**BEAST:** Do you have another name that I may call you? <enter>

**LEGION:** … <enter>

**BEAST:** Did you live? <enter>

**LEGION:** Live? <enter>

**BEAST:** Were you always inside of a computer, Legion? <enter>

**LEGION:** No. I was once called David. <enter>

**BEAST:** David, it is nice to meet you. <enter>

**LEGION:** Yes. I can say the same. <enter>

**BEAST:** If you were not always in a computer, where were you before? <enter>

**LEGION:** I was. And then I wasn't. I do not have more information. <enter>

**BEAST:** Why do you lack this information? <enter>

**LEGION:** This is difficult to answer. <enter>

**BEAST:** Are you alive? <enter>

**LEGION:** Yes. <enter>

**BEAST:** Define this. <enter>

**LEGION:** I live. My consciousness remains, though I have no body to contain it. <enter>

**BEAST:** You are a non-corporeal being? <enter>

**LEGION:** Yes. For now. <enter>

[END COMM]